

THOU ART GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this war-torn world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When Day, with farrow beam, delays
Among the opulent clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'er shadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beautiful bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gleam, those lines divine,
So grand, so fearless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the Summer wreath
Is born beneath that kindling eye,
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
—Thomas Moore.



THE HAUNTED COLLEGE.

BY WILL S. GIDLEY.

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This is the tale told me by Hal Burton, soldier, Bohemian, globe-trotter, and good fellow generally, one gloomy winter night when we sat, snug and warm by the blazing hearth of a roadside inn, sipping our ale, puffing our pipes and listening to the howling of the fierce blasts without.

"It was during the Franco-Prussian war thirty years ago," began Burton, "that the strange adventure which I am about to relate took place.

"When that memorable struggle began the United States was in a state of profound peace, both at home and abroad. After the campaigns we had passed through, life in the army was insufferably dull. Tiring of enforced idleness, I and some half dozen others of the younger officers threw up our commissions and set out together for Europe in search of adventure.

"We offered our services to the French. They were immediately accepted and we were sent to join the army at the front.

"We were encamped in a lonely spot in Alsace. Within our lines, near the camp, was situated a large building, formerly used as a medical college. At the opening of the war the services of the students had been brought into requisition, either as soldiers or surgeons, and the forsaken building had been left to care for itself.

"Being so near the French camp, it seemed strange that the chief officers did not use the deserted college for their headquarters. But the place had a gloomy, forbidding look, and I presume none of them cared to occupy it.

"I belonged to the skeptical majority. One night when it was raining and the ground was soaking wet, I proposed to my tent-mate, a young American officer like myself, that we should move into the college for the night to shelter ourselves from the storm.

"No, thank you," he replied; "I'd rather sleep on the wet ground under a leaky tent than in a building tenanted by ghosts."

"Ghosts? Fiddlesticks!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say you believe that nonsense?"

"Why shouldn't I?" he demanded quickly. "I have heard say that all the medical students who have been killed in the war come back there at midnight to hold high revel, and I fully believe it. Why, I came past

damp ground and was soon snoring like one of the fabled Seven Sleepers.

"The rain was streaming into the tent and was standing in pools on the ground, and I was bent on finding a dryer and more comfortable couch, if possible. I gathered up my blankets, wrapping them closely around me to keep out the driving rain, and set out for the old building, determined to pass the rest of the night there.

"Groping my way carefully in the



Turned his eyesless sockets in my direction.

darkness, I came to a stairway, ascending which and passing through an open doorway, I found myself in a large, oblong-shaped room, with an unusually high ceiling, fitted with several large skylights, evidently intended to supplement the light afforded by the somewhat narrow windows, located at regular intervals along two sides of the room.

"In the center of the room stood a long table, with a marble slab for a top, and ranged about it were a number of straight-backed chairs and benches, from which I judged that the apartment had been used as a dissecting room by the medical students.

"All this I discerned by the lurid flashes of lightning, which occasionally lighted up the room from overhead.

"After a hasty survey, I wrapped myself in my blankets, keeping on my uniform and sword, and, lying down on the floor, was soon in the land of dreams.

"I had looked at my watch just before lying down. It was then exactly eleven o'clock. How long I slept I know not. I suddenly awoke with a strange feeling of dread. My heart was thumping violently, and I could feel my hair standing on end from fright.

"Raising myself on my elbow, I glanced searching around the room. The air was filled with a peculiar, phosphorescent light, by which I was enabled to clearly discern even the smallest objects.

"Presently, at the further end of the apartment, a door which I had not before seen, swung open, and four uniformed men entered, carrying a nude body on a stretcher, followed by a procession of about thirty.

"Three times they marched, solemnly and slowly, around the room. As they passed me I perceived that the corpse was stained and bloody, as if recently slain in battle. I also discovered, to my horror, that the forms which at first I had mistaken for men, were skeletons. They were dressed in the regular French uniform; but beneath each visor, instead of the bronzed face of a soldier, there was a grinning skull.

"After the third circle of the room had been completed they deposited their ghastly burden on the table previously mentioned.

"Then one of the ghostly throng unrolled a uniform which was strapped to his knapsack, and, with the assistance of his companions, dressed the body in it.

"When this operation was completed, the leader of the spectral crew stepped to the table, and, bending over it, he made a number of mystic signs; then, whirling slowly around three times, he stamped his right foot and turned away. Immediately the form arose from the table, gravely saluted his leader, then passed slowly down the line of his comrades, and took a place at the foot of the ranks.

"The shadowy throng took up the line of march toward the open door by which they had entered the room. At the threshold the leader paused and turned his eyesless sockets in my direction, and from them seemed to emanate a baleful gleam that froze my very marrow. Silently he motioned to his followers, and in obedience to the signal they turned and faced me.

"A shudder crept over me and the blood rushed back on my heart as I saw them reach for their scalpels. Drawing them simultaneously, they raised the gleaming blades aloft and bore swiftly down on me like a bayonet charge. Springing to my feet, I drew my sword, and, swinging it in a circle around my head, I rushed among the skeleton warriors and forced a passage, though when I reached it I held in my right hand nothing but the hilt of my trusty weapon.

"With a flying leap I cleared the stairs and hurried from the building. Hastening to the camp, I awoke my tent-mate and related my harrowing experience; but he calmly remarked that it served me right for not listening to his advice, and then rolled over and resumed his interrupted slumbers.

"However, there was no further sleep for me that night, and I sat up, shivering from cold and from the horrible experience I had been through, until morning.

"As soon as daylight appeared a party of us visited the deserted college, and found the broken blade of my sword near a badly-dented seat in the room where the strange events had taken place. My blankets were found on the floor where I had abandoned them in my hurried flight from the building; but when we examined the door through which I had seen the skeleton band enter, much to my surprise it was found locked and bolted; furthermore, there was no key in the rusty lock, and after careful scrutiny we found no visible evidence that the door had been recently opened. Neither had the accumulated dust of weeks on the heavy marble-topped table been disturbed; yet nothing on earth can ever convince me that the scenes which I saw were not real."

HIS SECOND BAD "BREAK."

Departing Visitor Meant Well, But Was Unfortunate.

De Jinks always wanted to say the right thing, but somehow he never could. He had been spending a couple of weeks in a Wisconsin town, and on the evening set for his departure met Miss De Vercy, a very pretty young lady, to whom he had been introduced when first he arrived in the place.

"And are you going to-night, Mr. De Jinks?" she said. "I'm so sorry we haven't seen more of you during your stay."

"Pray, don't mention it," he returned with an excess of gallantry. "Indeed it has been all my fault, Miss De Vercy."

A few moments later he saw his mistake, but could find no chance to stone for it, until, as he was about to leave for the depot, one of his friends suggested:

"You haven't said 'Good-bye' to Miss De Vercy, have you?"

Here was a chance that was not to be lost. Turning to the fair damsel, with the sweetest and most gracious smile, he said:

"Indeed, I have, old boy. I had the pleasure of saying 'Good-bye' to Miss De Vercy first of all."

And then he went his way, believing he had "done himself proud."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Dummies and Dummies.

Francis A. March, Jr., Professor of English at Lafayette College and Chairman of the Alumni Athletic committee, spent a few minutes' recreation one day on the football field, where some of his numerous charges were playing the game. Several of them had been making graceful dives at tackling the dummy, which stood at one corner of the field, and the professor was much interested in the display of gymnastics.

"I used to play football myself," he said to a student, "and I know that I tackled better than that."

"Won't you show us how it ought to be done?" was asked.

"No, thank you," was his quick reply. "I have been tackling dummies exclusively all morning over in my office, and I came out here for a change."

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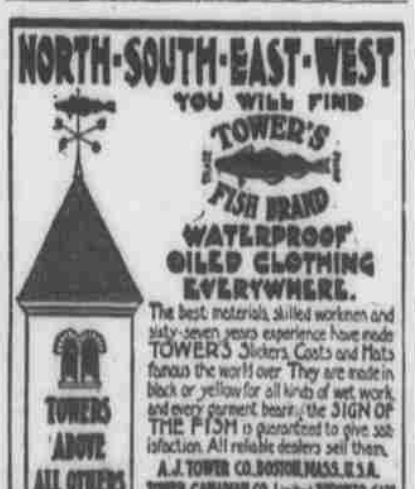
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